# Purple Parrot

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VOLUME 17 NUMBER 1

University Magazine of Collegiate Life



FEBRUARY
1946

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## *WHO WILL BE THE 1946*
# SYLLABUS QUEEN?

## *WHEN WILL THIS EVENT TAKE PLACE?*

**At the Junior Prom, February 22**

## *WHERE WILL THIS AFFAIR BE HELD?*

**At the Gold Coast Room of the Drake Hotel**

**TED WEEMS AND HIS ORCHESTRA Will Supply the Music**

# SYLLABUS

**Official Yearbook of Northwestern**

# Purple Parrot

## BETWEEN COVERS

Well, the *Parrot* is beginning to be quite a regular thing now what with our third issue. And this third one has quite a lot of things in it.

For an unusual piece of fiction there's Howie Sherman's *Natasha's Odyssey* on page next. Page 9 has *Uncle Henry's Secret* by Jeanne Anderson, and Vera Gottschalk's story of getting home at Christmas is on page 23.

Getting in the Valentine spirit, the *Parrot* sends some on pages 20 and 21 in the plano section. Also there is a candid camera SCOOP on NU by Ackroid Nussbaum. Also pictures of Navy Ball.

There's humor in Patty Hager's *Model Letter Writer,* Barney Gugel's story with that long long title. and *We Got Lots of Troubles.*

*Love Life And Bread* is Mort Nasatir's *Parrot* story on Professor Bailey of the soc department. And page 14 gives us *Northwestern, 1951,* the inside dope on NU's building program.

The regular features are still with us, too—*Looking 'Em Over, Purple People,* The Editor's Page, cartoons by Bruce Pinc, and—the goons.

## THE COVER

That's the Pi Phi fireplace on the cover—with Patsy Hemphill, Leo Hadley, Pat Gillick, and Don (Jaw) Townsend lounging in front of it on one of the cold winter evenings that were taking place as this issue of the *Parrot* went to press. It looks cozy, warm, and quite wintery. Photography is by Frank Guido.

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# Natasha's ODYSSEY

NATASHA, the Russian girl, was in Monte Carlo.

Natasha was sitting in the Bar Odeon on one of the high leather-covered stools that had come from America. She was wearing a brown skirt and a coat that went with it, long stockings, and shoes with heels. Her head was thrown partly back, partly over the left shoulder of the British major next to her—a man in his fifties with a big frame, a big head, and a dissipated front face.

Natasha's feet weren't dirty; her tremendous hips and thick legs were covered with finery, and the red army shirt she used to wear with the sleeves rolled up, the one she had gotten from Hemingway's brother one night in Paris, had been exchanged for a blouse of some kind.

I was disgusted.

The guns from the Italian-French border three miles away opened up again about 9 o'clock. I couldn't tell whether they were theirs or ours, but I could hear their steady thud contrasted every half-hour or so by a burst much louder and which came obviously from one of the ships out in the Mediterranean.

Guns thudding when you know you are safe; that's a good background for getting drunk. When you know you're safe, when you know those jagged pieces of steel won't come down on you. Not a chance.

Not a chance. Not in Monte Carlo where there is no war; not in this neutral, peaceful principality where every night the same people gather in the bars for laugh and drink and erotic play.

Laugh and drink and erotic play. Not a chance. Not in Monte Carlo. No steel cutting into the casino down near the water; the old lady with the sun glasses, the incredibly little, wizened, incredibly old lady with the black hat could sit forever at the same table figuring in neat figures and betting in neat stacks, and the women with the false fronts and painted lips could sit all day in erotic play with themselves and the men and chips and the war.

People without roots they were; people who weren't people. Only gestures and motions; nothing expressing the individual, but only his negation.

And Natasha was here; Natasha the most rootless of all, Natasha the Russian.

St. Jean de Luz, France, to Monte Carlo, Monaco, is some 700 miles. Natasha had been in St. Jean de Luz when I was there shortly after D day on a counter intelligence job. St. Jean is a sunny, sleepy fishing village about 7 kilometres from the Spanish border on the Bay of Biscay. Three days after the liberation of Paris Natasha, the Russian whose home was Paris, walked down the rue St. Jacques with a heavy pack on her back wearing open sandals, a homemade skirt, and an army shirt dyed red. Natasha liked to wander. And now somehow, she was in Monte Carlo.

Some people in St. Jean de Luz had called Natasha a drunkard. Some people had been puzzled because Natasha, who had been through the Sorbonne and who talked French and English, hung about always with the drunkards of the town, the lowest of the fishermen and their women. It may have been a puzzle to the fishermen too.

It wasn't a puzzle to Natasha; nothing was ever a puzzle to Natasha. She could tell you anytime what she did and why she did it and what she thought about it. She could tell you anytime why you did what you did and how you did it and what you thought about it.

Nothing was a puzzle to Natasha that is, except herself. She was a puzzle to herself because nothing puzzled her. And that was strange: ask a professor at the Sorbonne, with his pointed beard and his precise speech and he would say to you: "yes, I am puzzled." Ask the fishermen in St. Jean and they would say they were puzzled: except when they were drunk, and they would look and see what you wanted them to answer, and then give it, and grin, and wait for a drink.

## BY HOWARD SHERMAN

**Guns thudding when you know you are safe: that's a good background for getting drunk. And Natasha was here; Natasha the most rootless of all, Natasha the Russian.**

But Natasha didn't know anyone who was puzzled because they weren't puzzled. She would keep asking people what they were puzzled about. Some people just told her to go away and mind her own business, "the nosey girl." She would get drunk with any man to find out why he was puzzled. Sometimes she would sleep with a man to find out why he was puzzled. If it was a funny puzzle Natasha would laugh. If it was a sad puzzle Natasha would cry. If it was a made up, lying, story puzzle Natasha

wouldn't know it was. If it was a funny made up puzzle Natasha would laugh; if it was a sad made up puzzle Natasha would cry.

Natasha would have been puzzled, truly puzzled, if she ever guessed that anybody told her made up puzzles. But sometimes men would tell her made up puzzles to sleep with her; she would share her body but her mind would always think and think, and she would stroke the puzzled head, stroke it like a puppy's head, saying, "poor puzzled boy, poor puzzled boy."

Natasha was blond and wore bangs that came down almost to her eyes. Some people knew that the bangs were to hide a burn scar. Natasha would smile with her nose; not many people noticed she would smile with her nose; it would move from side to side ever so slightly and expand and detract.

Natasha was twenty-four years old when she came to St. Jean de Luz; she smiled with her nose and had pretty skin and grey eyes and banged hair that hid a scar; she had a big body and dirty feet, and always wore the same homemade skirt, the same army shirt, and the same open sandals.

Not many people noticed she smiled with her nose. "She has dirty feet," some people would say. Some people wouldn't notice her. Some people would talk to her; she would talk to anybody, even when she was sitting on the beach in the sun writing *Une Nuit Sans Importance*. Everybody knew she was writing a story. It was a story of a puzzled man, "a great tremendous man," she would say, who asked her to sleep with him one night. "All-right," she had said, "but first give me your shirt." So in the streets of Paris he had taken off his shirt and given it to her and taken her home with him.

She would talk to people when she was sitting on the beach writing letters: she would tell you all about the person she was writing to, and let you read all about how she was "roaring inside" because the sun was shining and there was nothing to be puzzled about.

Natasha would roar inside. She would roar when she was walking on the sidewalk. She would roar when she was drunk. She would roar when she was thinking about a puzzle, she would roar when she was puzzled about not being puzzled.

Natasha was Russian; when she was drunk she would speak Russian, when she was in bed she would speak Russian, when she thought she would think Russian. She had lived always, she said, in Paris in a little room above a street where every morning people would push and shove buying carrots and cabbages. Natasha the Russian would roar when she was drunk.

I dimly perceived that the lights were half out; it was later than it had been; you could tell by the heavier shelling. You never consciously heard the shelling until you stopped to think of it. Late night. Time to take my can of corned beef and wander around the town: to find a rootless sophisticated blonde who was hungry for corned beef.

Natasha was beside me. She nodded her head toward the British major.

"He is a very puzzled man," she said.

BY PATTY HAGER

# Model Letter Writer

THERE IS NO ONE that will get quite so far in the world as the dynamic letter writer. The written word is powerful beyond all comprehension, beyond all thought of man. Here is he indeed who has the temerity, nay the guts, to write a really truthful letter. How many misguided souls are there in the world who blunder blindly through life clutching their creative energies within. To point the way towards a better system of letter writing, we herewith cite some tremendous examples of Truth.

Have you spent a weekend lately that is crying for a bread and butter letter? Are you going to say you had a wonderful time, or are you going to tell the truth? How about saying—

*Dear Madam:*

*I am glad that I had an opportunity to spend a weekend at your home; I now appreciate my own. It wasn't enough that you had to put me in the smallest bed in the house to contort my six feet four of sleeping body, but why, oh why is the coke machine in the guestroom? I uttered no word of protest when asked to leave a small deposit for towels, but really—wasn't that toll gate across the john a little unnecessary? After walking half a mile through sleet and snow to reach it, I was, as a rule, too numb to locate a quarter, let alone—Madam, I repeat, Quoth the raven—*

*Yours sincerely,*
*Richard Q. Hardtack*

The girl who has been jilted may, if she chooses, write a sweet note of renunciation and best wishes for future happiness, but we don't count among any of our friends any red-blooded American girl who would let the skunk get off so easily. Get fighting mad, and say—

*Dear George:*

*Frankly, darling, you win this round. I probably should have lifted that sheepskin several months ago to see if it was just a disguise for the wolf beneath, but I've always been a modest child. Forgive me; I erred from the start—but you disguised that bushy tail so well. Evidently in Texas they grow them bigger and with smaller consciences. However, don't think that I am just going to sit around and moan "a la recherche de temps perdue"—Your father stopped in to console me the other day on his way to New York and we had quite a jolly time together. I always did prefer older men anyway, infant.*

*Sincerely yours,*
*Magenta Flagellata*

Job applications are usually dull, dreary affairs simply crammed with untruthful but very commendable virtues. Each aspirant paints a beautiful picture of himself and his ability, hoping to slide into the job on soft soap and not by telling the Truth, a much better way by far. Be vigorous and dominating in your application; in bold, black letters write—

**Want to rise in the world? Want to get a raise in your job? Read this and write dynamically.**

*Dear Sir:*

*I am writing this letter only because I am being forced by my parents. For some odd reason they seem to think that I should go to work. But I feel it only fair that I should let you know that of all the businesses in the world, I hate the dog food business most. I know absolutely nothing about dogs, I know nothing about dog food, and I know positively nothing about business. In a word, sir, I know nothing about anything at all, and most of all, I have no desire to illuminate myself on any of these subjects. However, if you have a nice vice-presidency open at thirty thousand dollars a year, with hours like one to two every third Thursday, I will try to force myself to take it.*

*Sincerely yours,*
*Havelock-Smith Jones*
*P.S.: I just married your daughter this morning. The fat one with buck teeth.*

Libraries can be quite persistent with their dunning cards and letters. But don't let them intimidate you over such a trivial matter as an overdue book. Just toss off a little note to the effect that:

*Dear Madam:*

*You write to me that my library book which I procured from your stacks (after two hours of waiting) at 4 o'clock on November 2, 1945 is now overdue. Damn it, I know it is. I'm not finished with it yet. Your head librarian may be able to finish* Forever Amber *in two weeks, but I am not quite so brilliant. It takes so much time to look up all those words in the dictionary that I can barely read a page an hour. Perhaps if I had access to those books that you won't check out to anyone under twenty-one, I, too, could be as sharp as she is. So I'll make a bargain with you. You send me* Studs Lonigan *and I'll return* Forever Amber *in three days.*

*Sincerely yours,*
*John J. Doe*

These model letters are merely suggestions to enhance your letter writing. Remember, the militant letter gets much better results than the sweet one any time.

BY M. JEANNE ANDERSON

# Uncle Henry's Secret

OLD UNCLE HENRY stopped and looked around. He was tired. His daily walks were usually just short excursions up the road to a certain rock he knew, where he could sit in the sun and watch the cars whizz by like shiny bullets on the new highway. But today he hadn't wanted to do that. He had wanted to go far, to explore all the places he used to know, and he cursed his withered legs and short breath. He had tottered on, and now he found himself in one of the few wooded places left these days. It was nice merely to be here, but he would like to rest. There was a fallen tree in a little circle of sunlight, and he went toward it, leaning heavily on his walking stick. He lowered himself carefully and relaxed, using the stick as a prop in front of him. He lowered his chin to his hands which rested on the walking stick, and gazed about him. He saw a tall pine opposite and listened to a flock of crows in the distance.

When he first heard the rumbling noise, Uncle Henry thought it was just a tractor passing on the highway. Then it grew nearer, and he knew it couldn't be. He raised his head slowly and strained his eyes to look through the trees. The noise became even louder, and he thought he could hear men's voices and a woman sobbing. Suddenly a group of men emerged into the clearing, pushing and pulling a heavy cannon through the underbrush. Their dusty buckskin clothing was almost in rags. Uncle Henry was startled. He tried to rise, but old legs are slow to move, and so he sat where he was and watched them pass. They seemed in a great hurry, and straining and tugging they went on apparently without noticing him. He watched them through the trees as long as he could, and then he heard again the sobs. A young woman burst into the clearing. Her face was wild and torn by running through the close-knit branches of the woods, and she gasped for breath. She clutched her full skirts about her as she stumbled over the uneven ground, and tatters of what once was lace dangled from her wrists. At the spot underneath the tall pine where the men had disappeared into the forest, she sank to the ground.

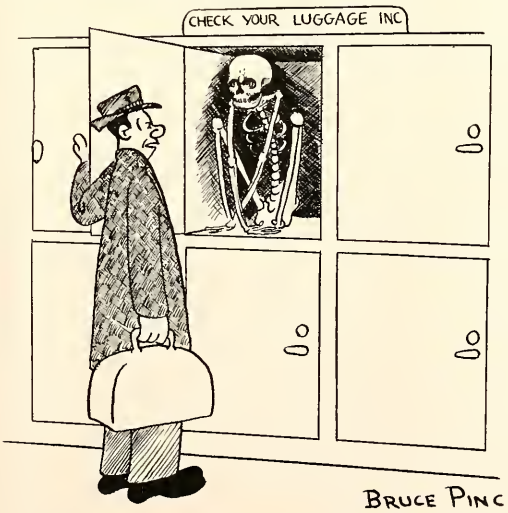
Uncle Henry blinked at the sun. It was almost above him. Then he realized that he could no longer hear the rumbling noise, and the girl was not lying where she had fallen. He found that he was cold and trembling. He put one shaking hand into his pocket and drew out the big gold watch that he always set half-way between standard time and the newfangled war time. Auntie would be worried. He hoisted himself onto his stiff legs and looked once more to make sure the girl wasn't there. Then he hobbled back the way he had come, turning over in his dulled mind the thing that he had seen. A girl and a cannon.

He could see Auntie standing on the porch as soon as he rounded the last turn in the road. She was peering anxiously in both directions. When he finally reached the porch, and she asked him where he had been, he didn't tell her. He just said "Walkin'" and went on into the house. He was tired, almost too tired to eat. Even after he had settled wearily into his own chair at the table, he had no interest in the food before him. He took out his teeth absent-mindedly. Somehow he had never been able to learn to eat with them in. No one could understand that, but it had always been very clear to him. Teeth were just for looks. That was why he never let anyone but Auntie see him eat. Auntie was bustling around now bringing in the boiled potatoes and cabbage of which he had always been so fond. She spoke often, but he heard very little of what she said.

Uncle Henry wanted to go back the next day. He wanted to sit on the same stump, and listen to the crows, and see if the people would come again. He was worried about the girl. He had seen her fall. Where had she gone? But the next morning he was tired. He started up the road, but when he reached his rock, he was glad to rest there. The cars on the highway did not interest him. As soon as he was able to breathe without puffing so hard, he started sadly down the hill. He sat in his accustomed place on the porch with his favorite round-backed chair tilted against the faded clapboards. Then he opened the *Utica Daily Press* and tried to read about the milk strike, but before he realized it the paper had slipped from his hands. Tomorrow, he decided, tomorrow when he was rested, he would go back again. He must go back.

When Auntie had finished the morning chores,

*(Continued on page 30)*




*"Oh, I beg your pardon!"*

# LOVE...

**Professor Bailey is a sociolog*ist*, not a sociology teacher**

*PROFESSOR William Louis Bailey's blue eyes were (cliché be damned!) twinkling at me across his desk. We were seated in his office in the Lilacs, a tiny former butler's pantry crowded with masses of charts, pictures, and diagrams, files of mimeographed materials, and shelves of books. Continued working in these tight quarters might well induce claustrophobia in a lesser soul, I thought.*

*I had told him that I was here to interview him for the Parrot, that I wanted an informal portrait of his life, work, ideas, and interests. It was his cue . . .*

"I don't consider myself just a professor of sociology. That implies being buried in academic routine and habit—writing books from note cards and library files. I think of myself as a sociolog*ist*."

I asked why he established a dichotomy between the teaching of sociology and being a sociologist.

"A sociologist uses the dynamic approach. I'm interested in emergent situations and crises, life as it is happening today. Actively participating in today's social problems rather than passively analyzing and expounding on them. See the difference?"

I answered yes, I thought I did.

"As long as you're doing things, becoming excited and enthused over new events, your blood is circulating. You have no time to grow old . . ."

He was born in 1882, on a fur-trading post in the far north frontier settlements of Ontario. He was privately tutored, and by the time he was eleven he was ready to enter college, but was forced to wait several years before he was allowed to enter Toronto University.

He specialized in language, literature, and philosophy at Toronto and then at Queen's University, from which he received his M.A. degree (the highest Canada awards) in 1904. While it was unnecessary for him to do so, he earned his way through college acting as purser and captain on ships operating on the Great Lakes.

Following graduation he was awarded a teaching fellowship in the Sage School of Philosophy, Cornell University. From here he went to the University of Wisconsin, following which he taught social sciences at the University of Colorado, Grinnell College, Garrett Biblical Institute (where he lectured in Applied Christianity), and Northwestern. Bailey came to NU in 1918 and has been here ever since.

*And the man himself? Silver-grey hair and blue eyes, ruddy complexion. Broad shoulders and of medium height, erect bearing. "Think tall and you'll look tall," he told a class once. He speaks incredibly fast and thinks much faster. At sixty-five he seldom wears a hat, lunches at Vera Megowen, lives in the Georgian. He likes to refer to NU as the "Wildcat Institution" . . .*

Bailey's "professional specialty" is the pattern and development of cities. He has traveled widely, chiefly by air, studying city development all over Europe, Russia, North Africa, the Near and Middle East, and the oasis cities. He helped develop the study of patterns of metropolitan expansion, and his famous "Triangular Theory" has been widely studied by city behavior specialists, technically called urban ecologists.

Bailey maintains that a city begins as a village, roughly square in shape; then, through constant amoeba-like expansion, it grows into a more or less rectangular shaped town. It then develops into a triangular metropolis, from which the theory gets its name, and the final stage sees the shooting out of long branches or arms—the suburbs.

The "Triangular Theory" of city expansion is in opposition to the "Concentric Circle" theory developed largely at the University of Chicago, which holds that a community expands from the center outward equally in all directions. In this way a series of concentric circles or zones is developed, ranging from the center commercial zone to the outer suburban residential zone.

"But actually, cities don't grow concentrically," he exclaimed at this point in our discussion, "they grow eccentrically."

It was Bailey who, as a pioneer in the aerial survey of cities, instituted the "classroom of the air" at NU, in which students were flown over cities to observe patterns and development, an unusual pedagogical device which evoked widespread comment. He has often served as advisor and expert witness for city plan commissions, real estate, and utility companies. One of his many city surveys included the nationwide analysis of 217 lesser cities to select the typical American city, resulting in the famous book *Middletown*, by the Lynds.

Bailey is also an expert on subway planning. He has made a detailed on-the-spot study of the Moscow subway during the course of three trips to Russia; in addition, for two years he did special research for the Subway Commission of Chicago, preceding the building of Chicago's new subway.

I asked how, from a sociologist's point of view, subways could differ from one another.

He smiled. "Well, for one thing the

# LIFE AND BREAD

**The dynamic Mr. Bailey, a veteran of 28 years of professoring at the Wildcat Institution, has no time to grow old.**

**BY MORT L. NASATIR**

Moscow subway has a cultural force as well as practical utility. In it you'll find some of the best examples of Russian art. The great masses of people use it and so are brought into daily contact with the highest and most beautiful of Russian art forms. We're more likely to litter our subways with papers, chewing gum, and ads, and our museums with art. Russia has few museums."

Through years of alert observation and diligent clippings and collecting Bailey has amassed a comprehensive collection of photographs, diagrams, maps, and charts on every conceivable subject of sociological interest. His sources are magazines, newspapers, bulletins, and material obtained in the course of his travels. During the war he furnished maps and aerial views of foreign cities from his huge files to the armed services. They were of special use to airmen in utilizing city patterns for bombing purposes and precise paratroop tactics.

"It may seem paradoxical that the knowledge meant for the construction of better cities should be used for their complete destruction," he explained, "but the answer is that every sociologist is equally anxious to use forces of destruction against slums, poverty, and other social ills."

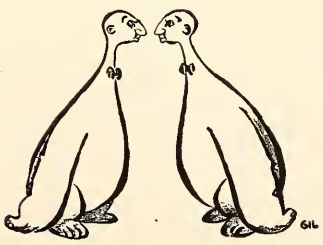
Bailey's concept of war is unique. Wars arise, he maintains, when peace becomes intolerable. Thus war may be actually preferable socially, economically, and psychologically, to the kind of peace that is "hell with a lid on." Had Chamberlain felt this way at Munich, one half of this war might never have been fought.

The next turn in our discussion was obvious: what about the hopes for lasting peace today? He listed what he thought were the three main obstacles to world order in this importance: first, the lack of understanding of the achievements, attitudes, and policies of Russia, without which there can be no peace; second, the intense religious conflict between the Vatican and the Kremlin, a major block to "one world"; and third, the atomic bomb.

*Ah, the atomic bomb! I was amazed at his judgment in placing the A-bomb controversy last. Surely it should be first, I thought.*

Bailey thinks differently. "The scientists have painted a horrible and wonderful picture of the atomic age. Both are overdrawn. From a sociological point of view other factors intervene. The A-bomb was used to bring to an immediate close a costly war. As a military weapon, its very horror will effect human conscience as a deterrent against its use. Scientists have known that it is possible to drop bacteria bombs in water supplies and so kill off whole populations for many years—yet this weapon has never been used.

"The extreme availability of the atom bomb to any highly industrialized nation, plus the extreme impractibility of it as a useful weapon of war will act against such use. Also, social factors exist against the full exploitation of the discovery. While it is possible for an auto to travel at speeds above 120 miles per hour, no auto driver ever does it; common sense legal supervision prevents it. The atom will create it own social-legal-political supervisions and controls."



*"It might as well be spring."*

*It is difficult to ask a man of such varied interests and accomplishments what he considers his life's main work. As off-handedly as possible therefore, I asked the question. The answer: Bailey considered his magnum opus to be a re-translation of the Gospels from the original Greek, now nearing completion.*

Bailey believes the Gospels were originally "90 percent sociological and hardly at all theological or ecclesiastical in nature." Forty years ago he began his translation, an attempt to render the Gospels into "the kind of language it was then—colloquial or journalese language." Having finished the actual translation, he is now writing the introduction, and expects to finish this Herculean work upon his retirement sometime this year.

Few, if any, layman, and certainly no social scientist has ever attempted such a translation. As an illustration of his iconoclastic methods, where in the Gospels one finds the expression "in Christ" mentioned several times, Bailey states a more literal translation from the Greek would be "in on" Christ, in other words, familiar with Christ; thus, a mystic concept is changed into an easily understandable and explicable phrase.

He emphasizes the seriousness of his endeavor and its relation to social theory. "The Bible," he said, "is not just a bedtime story."

"Love, life, and bread are universals in society. If a religion can talk to all peoples in terms of these rather than in terms of rituals, mysticism, and dogma, then we may have a modern social instrument with which

*(Continued on page 26)*

**Last week I finished my first movie scenario. I've already sent it to Hollywood where I'm sure it will be accepted. I'm sure because it's a psychological melodrama and psychological melodramas are all the go this season. I think this scenario is so exceptional I can't keep it to myself. So I'll pass it on to you providing you don't tell anyone. It's called—**

# Spellbound by the Gaslight in the House on South 42nd Avenue

## BY BARNEY GUGEL

THE PICTURE naturally opens on a foggy night in London. All you can make out through the fog is a street lamp and a passing hansom. The cab stops in front of a stone house and a dark sinister-looking man gets out. He is wearing a black cape. He walks up to the front steps of the house, rings the bell, and in a few moments a butler, also a dark sinister looking man, opens the door.

"I am Sir Basil Windgate," says the first dark sinister-looking man,, "I wish to speak to Sir Malcomb."

Sir Basil Windgate is ushered into the house and the audience is shown a few atmosphere shots of the shadowy interior.

The butler takes Sir Basil into a reception room and soon another man enters. It is Sir Malcomb. He has a sneaky look about him. He takes it off, hangs it in a closet, and then greets his guest.

"Ah, Sir Basil, I knew you could come. It must be frightfully foggy out."

"It is. Horrible—But don't keep me in suspense; does she suspect?"

A closeup of Sir Malcomb is shown. There are deep shadows in his face.

"No, thank God, she doesn't suspect—yet."

"Good! But why did you ask me over?"

"Bad news, Basil old man, bad news. My wife's brother from the Colonies is coming to visit us. He—he might find out," hisses Sir Basil. "but if—"

"Yes, Sir Malcomb old man, he might find out," hisses Sir Basil, "But if—"

"Yes if—" says Sir Malcomb, rubbing his hands as the scene blacks out.

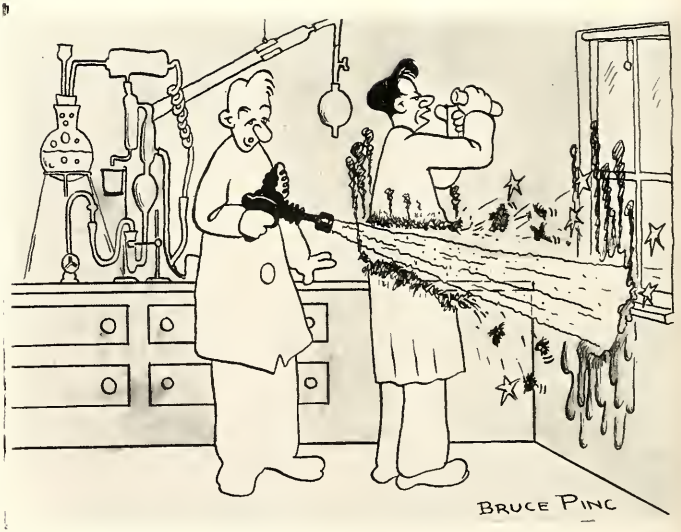
The next scene is in front of a London train station where a bright-looking young man is waiting for a cab. He has hay seed in his hair and a chicken is peeking out of a hole in his canvas bag. A cab pulls up and the young man climbs up along side the driver saying, "13 South 42nd Avenue, bub."

Scenes of Buckingham Palace, London Bridge, Big Ben, and the House of Parliament are shown as the cab speeds through the streets of lawless London. Finally it arrives at the great stone house on South 42nd Avenue.

The young man jumps off the cab and runs up the stairs. Just as he is about to ring the doorbell there is a gun report, and the bullet blows the head off the chicken in his canvas bag.

"Nice shootin', bub," says the young

*(Continued on page 31)*




*"All right, all right, so your atom gun does work. Now quit fooling around and work on something practical."*

# We Got Lots of Troubles

YOUR ADVISOR is your friend; he wants to help you. If there's anything bothering you, see your advisor. If you have any little problems at all, see your advisor. He wants to know about them. Your advisor is your friend.

"That's it!" I shouted with glee. "That's it!" I repeated, jumping into the air and getting a rather nasty bang on my head from the roof of my quonset hut. "My advisor is my friend."

That was what the little booklet—*Advice to New Students or Wouldn't You Be Happier in Some Other University?*—said. And I was glad it said it. I had found a friend.

In less than 10 minutes I was climbing the 18 flights of steps to the office of my advisor, Mr. Vers Libre. His office was 16 floors above the other offices, in a kind of a garret.

I trembled with nervous anxiety as I paused outside his door. I was about to gain a friend. I cleared my throat and knocked. I spat and walked in. A secretary with red hair, a green eyeshade and a long quill pen stepped forward.

"May I take your hat and coat?" she asked slyly as she winked and gave me a coy dig in the ribs.

I giggled, dropped my eyes, my coat and hat and kissed her quickly on the nape of the neck. I sobbed quietly; I had never been treated so kindly. I never saw my hat and coat again.

"Well, come in," a loud voice boomed at me from a darkened corner. It was my friend, I thought. It was really a record which played everytime the office door opened.

I found Mr. Vers Libre, huddled in a greatcoat and wearing a purple and white beret, crouched by his fireplace, slowly dropping pages of notebook paper into the flames.

"Examination papers," he said quietly as he whirled about to face me. Eager, spaniel-like eyes peered out from behind three pairs of horn-rimmed glasses. I knew in a moment he was to be a real friend.

"What can I do for you, my lad? I am your friend, you know," he blushed. Neither of us spoke for several moments.

"Friend," I said at last, "I ain't got no right to be happy. I got lots of troubles," I confessed as I thoughtfully fingered the vial of arsenic in my sock.

"Well, well, well. Tell me all about them. Is it your studies, your finances, your family, your health," he read quickly from a pamphlet entitled *Advisor Helps*.

I hesitated to speak. I turned crimson and crawled down under the chair. By the time he had come back from lunch, I had gained courage and brought my troubles right out in the open—man to man.

"First of all, friend, there's my love life," I admitted, thinking of the picture of Miss Branilla Rumpot which was resting in my pocket over my heart.

"I love Miss Branilla Rumpot," I wailed in a gush of long pent-up emotion. "I love Miss Rumpot desperately," I shouted as I slammed my hand on his desk, breaking three knuckles.

Mr. Vers Libre said nothing, but nodded his head sympathetically. "But," I continued, "Miss Rumpot is out-of-sorts with me. She has found out about my being pinned to three other girls, one of whom is an eskimo girl who lives in a little igloo next to my Quonset hut. In the evenings I visit the eskimo girl and we eat whale blubber. Then we break the ice on the lake and fish. But Miss Rumpot isn't the outdoor type and doesn't understand that it's just that I like to fish.

"The other two girls I am pinned to I am giving up," I said with decision. "But I have no money and I sorely need the whale blubber and fish. My existence depends on it. Miss Rumpot is becoming more and more cool. Yesterday I walked determinedly into her room through the fire escape entrance and announced, 'Miss Rumpot, I need fish. Can't you understand that?' She just hit me in the face with a cold mackeral."

"What am I to do, friend? Oh, what am I to do?" I wailed as I threw myself upon the floor, snapping a vertabra.

"Son, I know how you feel," said Mr. Vers Libre sadly. "You ask what you are to do. Rather you should ask

*(Continued on page 28)*

**Your advisor wants to know about your little problems. He wants to help you. Your advisor is your friend. Besides, his secretary is gorgeous.**

**BY BILL BROWN**

# NORTHWESTERN . . . 1951

HAVE YOU EVER SEEN a pipe dream become a reality? If you can flunk enough courses to be here in 1951, the hundredth anniversary of Northwestern's founding, you will probably see the Century Plan for expansion change from a cloud of smoke to solid stone and steel. In case you can't persuade your professors to let you stick around, the pictures on the opposite page will give you a rough idea of how the campus will look.

The Century Plan, with Thomas F. Gonser, vice president of the University, as its head, includes proposals for changes in academic facilities as well as in buildings. At the moment, however, with enrollment shooting up and ceilings on campus falling down, the emphasis is on housing and classroom expansion. First project is, of course, the apartment hotel on Orrington and Clark. With the excavation almost completed, if labor and materials are available, this Evanston version of Abbot hall should be ready for occupancy sometime next year. As the saying goes, get your applications in early.

Funds are also available for tearing down the circle houses and replacing them with quads, complete with ivy and stone arches. The men, too, will have more room to live. Additions to their dorms and fraternity houses will be built along the Lake on North campus. To keep the men happy and to relieve congestion in Scott hall, the water tower will be removed and its area occupied by a commons to serve North campus. Tech, which hasn't had to worry since l'affaire Murphy, will either grow two new wings or expand across the street.

Still in the dream stage, without the dollar bills to back them up, are the other buildings proposed by Century Planners. These are strictly proposals; the plans and sketches change so frequently they're obsolete before they get down on paper. The only thing certain is that Holabird and Root will be the architects; they've got a contract.

Aware of the power of tradition, the Planners have decided to build a Fine Arts Group between Deering and the arm of Sheridan Road that curves toward the lake, without tearing down U. H. or Harris or the Rock. Speech and Fayerweather, however, will disappear and remain only dim memories of B40 labs and reporting classes in the minds of us oldsters. The teaching of most liberal arts courses will be concentrated in this semi-circle of buildings which will provide special facilities for everything from art to ancient Greek literature.

Until final plans are drawn up, the only way to discover what will happen to the schools of Speech and Journalism is to toss a coin. At the moment, a building combining Speech and Education, where Lunt now is, seems to be the favored program. A short while ago however, a Professional group, similar to the Fine Arts Group, was planned for the area near Lunt. This group would include Speech, Education, Journalism and Commerce, and would contain an auditorium to do justice to University Theatre productions. The only way to find out what finally happens is wait around twenty-five years; that's when this second part of the Century Plan is scheduled to be completed.

**What will NU look like in 1951? Purple Spirit explains the University's building plans from now through then and beyond.**

The School of Music will stay on its side of Orrington, but it will be pushed back toward Sherman, and its trademarks and beehive and practice halls will be eliminated. Of course, it will have a new building, probably a very prosaic one, with the floors all on one level, and windows that open and close.

To satisfy the religious as well as cultural needs of its students, and, perhaps, to give music students a chance to use their training in playing the organ, the University is planning a Chapel on Sheridan road near Deering meadow.

Farther north, near the Stadium, the athletic needs of Wildcats will be taken care of. No more basketball games in Evanston High's gym—Northwestern will have its own field house. When, of course, is the eternal question. There's just one little thing holding it up—money. Do you know any Murphys or Wards who would be willing to contribute a couple of million dollars to help your old alma mater?

PROPOSED CHAPEL

HUMANITIES AND FINE ARTS GROUP

SPEECH AND EDUCATION BUILDING

ADMINISTRATION BUILDING

FIELD HOUSE

A PROPOSED WOMEN'S DORM

# NAVY BALL

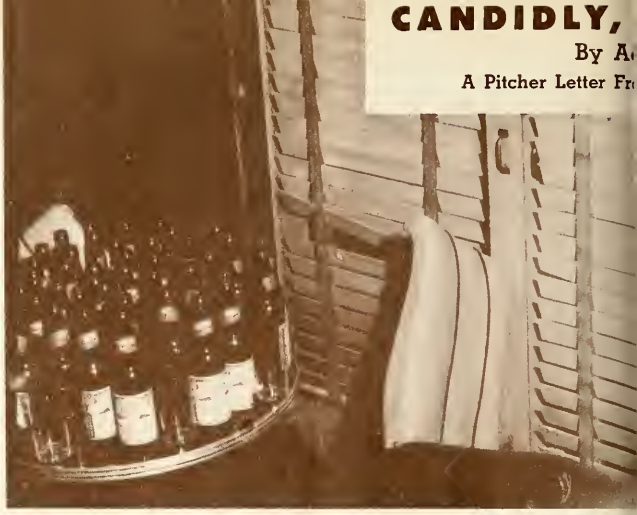
After a wartime of seclusion in Patten Gym, Navy Ball came back to a postwar Northwestern this year in all its prewar glitter. Housed in the Gold Room of the Congress Hotel rather than amid gym rafters, dancers at the Navy's biggest social event treked south to the bright lights for music by Frankie Masters and a really gala evening. Big event was the choosing of Navy Ball Empress—and this year the sword went to Clariel Weikart, Gamma Phi, shown to the left and below as she was escorted by Captain Stuart to the bandstand and as she was presented with the Navy sword.

# CANDIDLY,

By A

A Pitcher Letter Fr

ar Fans: This ain't Marlene Dietrich and
ty Grable at the Little Club—but it's a
l peachy picture anyhow.



Prominent beer bottles were gathered around this table at the Little Club. It is rumored that wedding bells will ring soon.

Dorothy McEncroe and Aileen Watson were getting lit up with a small part of the SAE chapter when we stopped at their table.

vely Taffy Stafford—with Don Busch in
e grill—absently puts salt in her COKE.
satir turns to give us THE profile.

Chuck Booz, Shirlee Strickler, George Rapp, M. J. Stoker, and others try to keep each other out of the act. M. J. won.

# HWESTERN

aum

Who Takes Them

izlett, NUSA star caught Grilling
ck Penberthy, while Basil Cross
es to muscle his hand into the

Flanagan and Barney Gugel were
g the town red when we caught
elebrating with their party at the
Club.

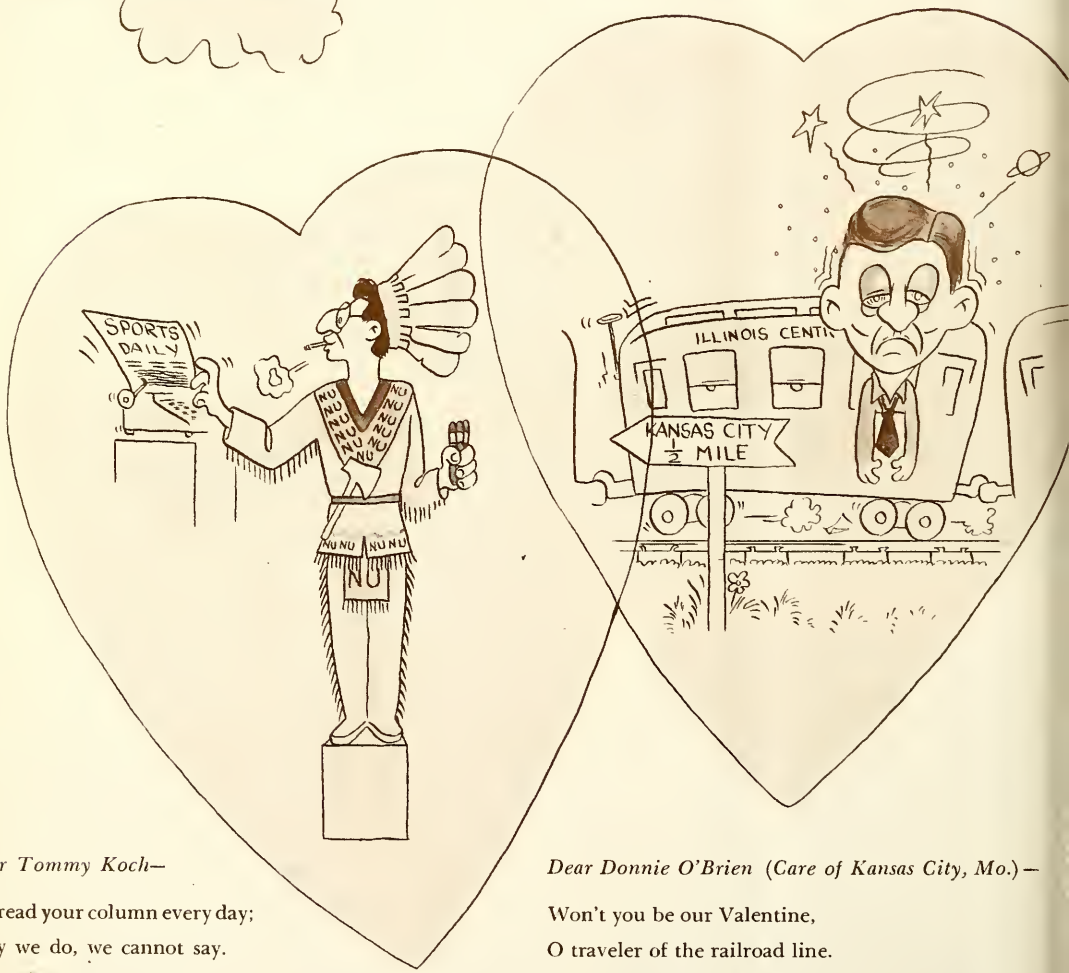
couples were dancing awfully
when we caught them at the
Club. They rhumbaed away obliv-
the crowd.

We finally managed to catch the elusive writer, Bill Brown, as he left the powder room. He'd been looking all over for his date.

Sally Gute was enthralled as Foreign Correspondent, Jean Rohm, told how he covered the National Chess Tournament in Peoria.

Candidly Yours,
Ricky

# BE MY-




*Dear Tommy Koch—*

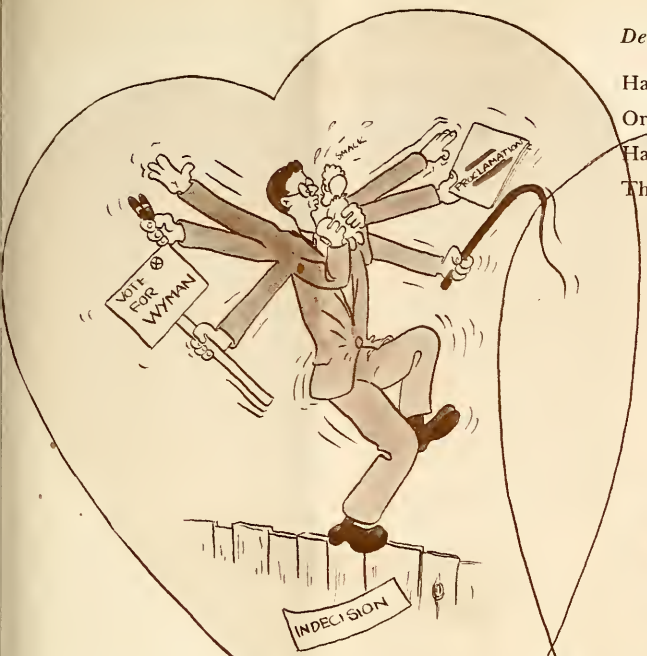
We read your column every day;
Why we do, we cannot say.
But Happy Valentine to you,
Also to your pal Sweet Sioux.

*Dear Donnie O'Brien (Care of Kansas City, Mo.)—*

Won't you be our Valentine,
O traveler of the railroad line.
You sure were sent a long, long way
On the Atchison, Topeka and the Santa Fe!

*Dear Kitty Weaver (Care of the League of Nations)*

Have a Spaniard, Lett, Norwegian,
Or a brown-skinned Indonesian.
Have a Finn or Florentine—
They will be your Valentine.



*ear Geney (With the coal black hair)—*

comic Valentine we know
las gained great fame with the elite.
IU's top politico—
issing babies is his meat (18 years or over).

*Dear Acey-Deucey Fans—*

Sing a song of aces
And a tumbler full of wine.
No more games in old Scott Hall—
But be our blackjack Valentine!

Bruce Pink

# FOOTBALL DINNER

Climax of the football season was the NU Club of Chicago's annual football banquet. Held in the grand ballroom of the Continental Hotel, the banquet was the first since 1942. The entire football squad, NU's Band, and outstanding high school athletes were guests.

*Top:* Coach Waldorf and Athletics Director Payseur congratulate Dick Connors, chosen most valuable player at the dinner. *Center:* Chandelier's-eye-view of the affair. *Bottom:* President Snyder, Captain Stuart, and Evanston Mayor Ira J. Ingraham, who, with President Emeritus Scott comprised the speakers.

BY VERA GOTTSCHALK

# With the Greatest of Ease

THE FIASCO about Truman's Christmas jaunt to the home folks in Independence was in swing and so was I, swinging on my mood of Christmas cheer and "the crow" on my discharge button. Christmas of '45 found me one of those new, shiny apparitions called a discharged vet. Knowing planes, and remembering how I tried to keep a date via air a foggy Christmas two years ago, I felt sorry for the Pres.

It wasn't that I had trouble getting on the plane, like Harry. . . . I had the usual trouble getting away from the family. I've often wondered what it is about families which makes them turn on the water works worse than Madam Butterfly every time they near transportation depots. And then there was the usual Pittsburgh smog which made the bonehead pilot debate about taking off, but we did succeed in clearing the field.

Pittsburgh to D. C. is a two hour skip. Short. Especially if the passengers sleep and the stewardess is cute. She was cute and for a few minutes I stopped thinking about my 7 o'clock date with a blond in Washington. What a dish!

The trip was quick and finally the stewardess disentangled herself from my friendly glances to say "On schedule. Fasten your safety belts." Visions of the blond began dancing and for a full minute I didn't realize we were gaining altitude.

I was in the cockpit in no time short. "What's the score?" I screamed, flapping my arms wildly.

"Closed in," said the pilot easily.

"Closed in," I screamed. "This visibility's terrific. Where I've been flying this is called too light for a night of bombing."

"Closed in," he repeated.

"Closed in!" I screamed again. "Listen, you flathead," I said politely, "I have a blond waiting down there. I could land this orange crate on a silver dollar on a night like this."

The look slanted in my direction made me remember I didn't have a chute. I gave myself a mental transfusion and crawled back to my seat. Somehow, my stewardess friend didn't look as lush to me as earlier. Visions of the blond in nylons passed through and out of my head.

"Where to now?" asked a paunchy dollar-a-year with government time to kill.

"Whointhehell cares!" I muttered.

"The captain will try to land at Richmond field." The stewardess carried the ball that time.

Captain! Captain! When I thought of the soup we landed in flying the CBI I got sick at my stomach. That guy at the stick was a flying buck if I ever saw one.

"Get the picture, Joe," my mind raced on. "You're stuck in a booby trap and a blond and Tommy Dorsey are waiting for you." Seven months pay singed the pocket under silver wings. Self-pity had me wallowing.

We flew on. "Closed in," they radioed from Richmond. At Roanoke Field it was the same thing. There we could even see the whites of their eyes as we flew past the observation tower.

When we got to Charleston I couldn't look up. The black stuff decorating my head the blond liked to run her fingers through looked like stalagmites. I couldn't stop thinking about flying the Hump at 15,000 feet in blinding blizzards.

They let us land in Pittsburgh, all right. We arrived back five hours after the blond and I were to make the sweet music. The airport officials clawed nervously at the gang. "El Capitan," looking like he'd sat through a double strip at the Chicago Rialto stepped off first.

"Good landing, McSteen," a voice bellowed.

"Tough flight, sir," he answered the goof modestly.

The rest of the inmates and myself were let off then. I accidentally bumped the flying Childe Harold. "'scuse me, Ignats," I said. I guess I shouldn't have added the bit about being around to give him flying lessons in a few years, but I was glad he swung at me. I needed a reason to knock him flat. "Where are you, Joe?" It was my mother starting from the first yard line. "Are you in Jacksonville?"

"Jacksonville! Lord give me strength," I muttered. "I'm at the Pittsburgh county airport, ma."

"What's that, son? Speak up. I misunderstood you. . . ."

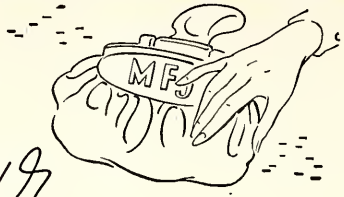
After another session worse than the death scene in Agamemnon I dragged out of the booth.

"Field closed in," came a voice over the loud speaker.

At that I oiled my hitching thumb, and draped myself over the fog alongside the circling fence. The night was real soup by that time.

I'd been there about 15 minutes when a battered B24, clattering like a

*(Continued on page 26)*

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# LOOKING 'EM OVER

## BY BILL BROWN

**MOOM PITCHERS**—In *Vacation from Marriage,* Robert Donat and Deborah Kerr are an English couple who live in a drab apartment and are always out-of-sorts with each other.

He's kind of a Timid Soul who would like to flee his mate and travel, but can't because he's tied to a desk and a wife who continually sniffles. The picture really never makes it clear whether he would have loved his wife more if she would have used Kleenex or whether he's just bored with the whole damn situation.

His not-bad-looking but awfully mousy and obnoxious wife is sort of bored, too, and the marriage is—well, you get the general idea. Anyway, the war comes along and Donat kisses his wife quickly, as if he is catching a bus. Instead he is off to join the English navy and become a limey or whatever it is people become when they join the English navy.

Left sitting at home with nothing but a loud-ticking clock to keep her company, wifey gives her nose a good old blow and joins the Wrens.

The rest of the story is kind of obvious. Both hubby and wifey are straightened out in the navy, carry on flirtations and generally have a ripping time. But their letters to each other are inhibited, sound like old selves. Of course, they are terribly surprised when they meet each other after the war to discover they are madly in love again.

There is a lot of wonderful acting in the film, which is an English job produced by MGM, but the plot is a little worn. It's been done lots of times before, but without the war for a background.

About the only thing solid we got out of the picture was a warning not to catch cold and get those damn sniffles. Suggested subtitle: *Everything's Sniffu.*

Dick Powell, converted from a whirling, kissing singer into a rough, blasé detective in *Murder, My Sweet,* is back again in another toughie role. The picture is *Cornered,* which you will hail as just dandy if you go for the slambang Bogartish stuff—a la Powell. For our money, Powell has everything Bogart has, except Lauren Bacall. But Powell has June Allyson . . . so it's about fifty-fifty.

Sex rears its tousled—and now slightly gray—head in *The Outlaw,* which has *finally* been released after spending four wasted years in the files because of censorship. This hot deal got one of the biggest buildups in Hollywood history—and one of the biggest letdowns. Chief letdown was Jane Russell's blouse—which caused all the trouble. The censors said it was too low and Russell was too high. The acting will probably be as moldy as the film must be by now, but the picture will be a smash hit. We're reserving our tickets right now. (P. S. Ever since Howard Hawks, who "found" Jane Russell, finished production on the pic he has been often quoted as "still trying to design or find a special brassiere for her."

**LOOPING THE LOOP** — Griff Williams, who claims he has "music that sings as it swings," has made a triumphant return to the Empire Room of the Palmer House. They love him there. Don't ask us why. His music is kind of a cross between Art Kassel and Guy Lombardo—if you can imagine such a thing. But the Empire Room is nice.

Duke Ellington played his second annual Chicago concert last month at the Opera House and as usual, there was a huge crowd and a lot of Ellingtonia. He's still tops in our book, but he doesn't seem quite as inspired as he used to be. Perhaps he's getting old, or else we're just getting over being awed by him.

**DEAR OLD SOUTHLAND**—Howard Street, that southern paradise, is still the Mecca of thirsty Northwesternites, who manage to squeeze it in between jaunts out west. While there, try to get around to the Club Silhouette if you already haven't. It's one of the "nicer" places there, with lots of tables, a good-sized dance floor and some entertainers. There's a girl swing band that's better than tolerable and a colored group that takes over where they leave off. Also there's a pretty good baritone who dearly loves to sing *It Might as Well Be Spring* and *Nancy With the Laughing Face.*

**DIAL STUFF**—Eddy Duchin is in and Bing Crosby is out in one of the major radio shakeups of recent years. The suave piano-playing maestro, who recently returned from the wars, is soloing on the Kraft Music Hall between witty remarks to emcee Frank Morgan. Crosby, in the meantime, is being sued by the Kraft people for allegedly walking out on his contract. He had been with KMH for ever so long. Crosby apparently just got sick and tired of eating all that cheese.

Duchin, who is also a pretty popular boy in his line, is doing a dandy job with his familiar playing of Porter, Gershwin and Kern.

## Lessons in Love
(a refresher course)

**WOLFING**—If she doesn't want to kiss you the first time—don't force her. Just sweeten your breath with a yummy LIFE SAVER. If she *still* says "No"—Brother, she's just *not* your type!

***A Box of Lifesavers for the Best Joke!***
**What is the best joke that you heard on the campus this week? For the best submitted each issue, there will be a free award of a carton of Lifesavers. Jokes will be judged by the Editor. Submit them at the Parrot office.**



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- **The biggest portion of creamy cole slaw**
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- **The biggest garniture of tomato and onion**

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**EVANSTON**


## LOVE LIFE AND BREAD

*(Continued from page 11)*

to achieve unity and understanding among nations. At any rate," he concluded, "I hope to see it become something more than a Book-of-the-Month Club selection . . ."

*With that he rose and smiled apologetically. He explained that he had to leave now, since Mrs. Bailey was arriving at the station soon and he had just enough time to buy some flowers and rush to meet her . . .*

## WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

*(Continued from page 23)*

string of wagging tin cans, bumped in. A young kid sprang out of the cabin and ran into the station. "There's a captain." I nodded to myself patriotically. Another head peeked around the door and jutted back in again.

The pilot came leaping back a few minutes later. "I'm on again," I thought when he said he was headed for Miami. I was due in Jacksonville at 12 noon.

"How's for a ride?" I asked. "I'm headed for Jacksonville."

He looked a little concerned. "Got a chute? Weatherman says everything along the coast is grounded." He was a kid all right.

"Sure." I lied. "I threw it in back with your pal." Who ever heard of carrying a chute on a leave. I decided if worse came to worst "pal" and I could harness ourselves. I'd been done before and it could be done again.

"God bless army pilots and all B24's!" I breathed and left the hazy Pittsburgh lights behind me again.

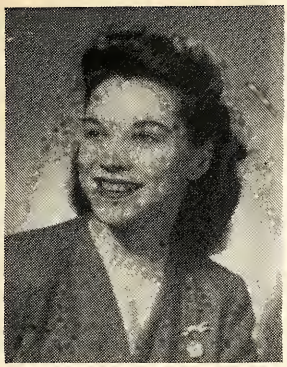
I must have passed out for awhile but it got a little drafty by 3 a. m. and I crawled out from my trundle bed and de-iced my muscles. The pilot, Rogers was his name, Bill, not Buck, came aft when he heard me stirring.

"No use staying at the stick," he said in reply to my wild look at "pal's" chute. "Can't see a thing. I got her on instruments."

"Sure, no use." I croaked. Not even birds flying in that stuff and us at 1,000 feet flying on instruments.

"Nice ship," I volunteered, flapping

*(Continued on page 34)*



Lois Casperson, Alpha Chi Omega

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Black Magic

*must be the reason why everyone falls under the spell of this sparkling cocktail and theater frock, or could it be the hypnotic influence of those wicked, dazzling sequins? But all agree, this is the dress for all important holiday occasions.*


## Parroteers

Vera Gottschalk, whose story *With The Greatest of Ease* appears on page 23, came here from Pittsburgh to be in J School. She's a senior now, but she plans on even more schooling when she graduates in June —work on a Master's Degree, probably at Columbia. The eventual aim is a magazine staff job.

Vera, an Alpha Chi, worked on the *Daily* for several months as copy editor and columnist, then joined the Parrot her sophomore year.

"What does this mean," demanded a patron at a restaurant. "There's a cockroach in the bottom of my teacup."

"Listen, bud," snapped the waiter. "If you want your fortune read, go see a Gypsy!"

—*Carolina Magazine*

---

First: "Whatcha looking for?"
Second: "My pocketbook."
First: "Where'd you lose it?"
Second: "Down the street."
First: "Why ya looking for it here?"
Second: "More light."
First: "Oh."

—*Carolina Magazine*

---

Dear Dad: "Let's hear from you more often, even if it's only five or ten dollars.


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## WE GOT LOTS OF TROUBLES

*(Continued from page 13)*

what we are to do. I got my troubles, too, you see. Everybody's mad at me," he choked.

I gave him a hankie and he continued: "My wife is mad at me because I have not finished my textbook I have been working on for the past 18 years. My notes are scattered about the rooms and she frequently burns them in a fit of pique. Then I have to start all over again.

"My publisher is mad at me for the same reason and also because he sold only four copies of my first text. My students hate me because I am a cruel old man who frowns on necking in the classroom. The university president is mad at me because I continually lecture on Karl Marx instead of French Chaise-Lounge Production in the 16th Century. My fellow professors are mad at me because I won't attend the faculty luncheons. Instead I just eat a humble bowl of gruel and a bit of tea in my office," he said as his voice got louder and louder, ending in a kind of hysterical scream.

He dropped his head onto his desk, sticking himself rather badly with a desk pen. He sobbed quietly for several minutes as I patted his shoulder. "There, there," I soothed as great salt tears trickled off the end of my nose and went plop, plop, plop into his inkwell.

"And one of the board of governors is mad at me because I won't learn to play golf," he said suddenly, as an afterthought.

"Friend," I mumbled, "we ain't got no right to be happy. We got lots of troubles."

"We ain't got no right to be happy, son," he agreed. "We got lots of troubles." he said softly as he pulled a bottle of Scotch and two glasses out of his filing cabinet.

I had found a friend.

---

Mrs. Jones: "Look, dear, how picturesque. The Browns are bringing in a Yule log."

Mr. Jones: "Yule log, hell, that's Brown."

*—Chapparal*

---

Father: "Are they very strict at school?"

Son: "Well, one fellow died in class and they propped him up until the lecture ended!"

---

Visitor: "Does Mr. Crawford, a student, live here?"

Landlady: "Well, Mr. Crawford lives here, but I thought he was a night watchman."

*—Scarlet Fever*

---

New definition of a gentleman: a patient wolf.

---

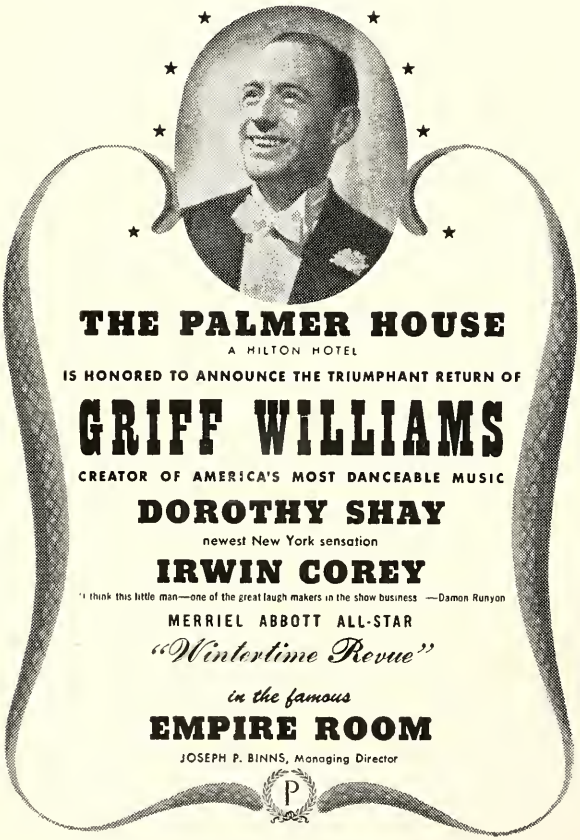
Student: "Why didn't I make 100 on my history exam?"

Prof: "You remember the question: 'Why did the pioneers go into the wilderness?'"

Student: "Yeah."

Prof: "Well, your answer, while very interesting, was incorrect."

*—Scarlet Fever*

# Purple PEOPLE

"Come to my house for a visit."

"Come to my house for a visit."

Well, you cute little "Joey" you (Jo Curran, Kappa Alpha Theta) . . . it's a good thing they didn't come at the same time. How about that, Micky Kelley, Phi Gam and O'Brien, (James) of the "Grand and Glorious."

The Alpha Phi's are waving pink and blue flags and gurgling, "We've got the Beta boys." Witness: Peggy Thomas and Brad Young, pinned; B. J. Moulding and Ensign Tommy Lewis, married; Jane Carle and Dave Devonald, traveling to Florida and also engaged.

And then there's the "Outcast of Alpha Phlat" Janet Clancy. SHE took a Sig pin. None other than "Hap" (MOTY) Murphy. Three cheers for the Irish, they're a durn site better . . . ain't that right, Dutch?

Boy—oy—oing!

Which reminds one that Flo Kaufman has just taken Stan Obremski's Phi Psi pin. Flo is an AOPi.

And so is little Millie Knight. Little Millie, we used to call her at the trailer camp. Anyway, she has decided that George Oberheide just *wouldn't* do. She has now alighted on Ralph Bower, SAE.

Anne Lane, AOPi, is pinned to an awfully nice Phi Gam. Yes, there *are* some awfully nice Phi Gams. This one is Bob Howell. Ensign Connie Wedberg was back on campus to renew old acquaintances, speaking of Fiji's. He can play the piano.

Would you like a little more about the AOPi's? They seem to have expanded amorously this month. We have rosy Marcia Lunde engaged to Tom Johnson, Phi Kappa Psi. His brother, Bob Healy, did the same thing to Jeanne Fox.

And so, as the AOPi house fades into the distance we hear the girls screaming hysterically, "Publicity! Publicity!"

Jack Ellis was a Phi Psi not too long ago to be forgotten. Pam Bockhoff was a Tri Delt. You won't have any trouble remembering at all. They got married.

Bill Cuthbertson is a rather retiring Phi Psi. He retired into the Tri Delt house and is still there. You see, he hung his shield on loveable Shirley McCarthy.

Boy-oy-oing.

The Alpha Delt has scored. Mark Compall pinned Tri Delt Irene Overman. "Is there a Sig in the house?" You bet, answer the triple D's. It's Rita Siegrist's own Mike Mandish.

These Sigma Chi's are always proving that life can be beautiful. Full of surprises. We can remember saying that Perry Wilson might get himself re-pinned. Well, he did. Same girl, "Daisy" Hodgins. Same house. Delta Gamma, like my gramma. Ted Collins, Sigma Chi, has got himself tied down to Karen Olson, Pi Phi. It's a good idea, really.

"The Return of the Phi Delts" is an awfully good book. A Pi Phi wrote it. Patti Stoltz is her name. Roger Poling is the homing Phi. They're even engaged.

Bob Patchen, Phi Psi, has had his eye on Bernellyn (pronounced Burna Limb) Jones, Alpha Phi, for quite some time. He pinned her. John Sullivan, Phi Psi also, has had his eye on Mary Lou Cassidy, Pi Phi, for quite some time. Hurry up.

Everyone at Abbott hall knows Bill Hier. But did you know that he's unavailable for anything but stag sessions, having become engaged to Nancy Pinkerton, Colorado State Kappa.

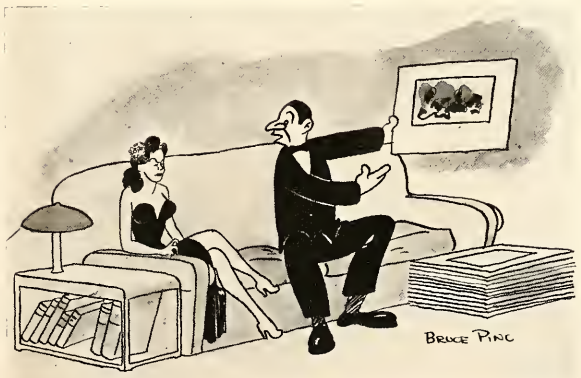
Speaking of Kappa's, does everyone know that Johnny Whedon, Sigma Chi, closed the door to a lovely romance not long ago. He is now wearing his pin again. It was formerly modeled by Ann MacRae, Kappa. "Men are like street-cars."

Don't sue us, Delta Zetas. We are merely writing what you told us one day. "Jackie surprised the DZ's at supper one night with five pounds of candy and Paul Seary, Jr. We're laying bets this will last." We are too.

PiKA's have infiltrated quite nicely into the DZ house. Jim Sheehan and Ginny Roddy, Betty Albach and Tom Ballantine, for example, are pinned now.

Tonee Kevill has "sighted target, hit same." The victim is Harrison Wright, Phi

*(Continued on page 34)*




*"But these ARE the engravings. What did you expect!"*

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## UNCLE HENRY'S SECRET

*(Continued from page 9)*

she came to sit with him and read the paper as she always did. She was surprised to find him, not asleep as usual, but staring into space. She thought that she even heard him speak as she came through the door. She knew that she talked to herself. It was lonely working by herself in a big house, but she had never known Uncle Henry to do it in all the years that they had been married.

The whole village knew that Uncle Henry was failing. The men talked about it on the porch of the store in the evening. Uncle Henry never came to sit with them anymore. The women talked about it in their gardens or over their hands of five hundred. They seldom saw Auntie, because she didn't like to leave him often. He didn't have the strength he used to have. Anyone could see that, even Auntie. What they whispered was that there was something else wrong with him. He acted downright queer. He always used to call people by name as they went by and raise his hand to his battered hat in a quaint salute. Now, he appeared never to see anyone. The young folks had liked to sit on the steps in the evening and listen to him tell about the dances he and their grandparents had attended, and how he had always owned a horse of his own since he was sixteen. They hadn't even minded if he told the same story more than once. Now, he forgot what he was saying, right in the middle, and he sometimes mistook them for their own mothers and fathers to whom he had told the stories, too. He never even noticed when they looked at each other in bewilderment and slipped away into the soft country shadows. After that, they said, he just sat there without even talking to Auntie, until she told him it was time for bed. Then he would get up mechanically and move his chair into the house.

Tomorrow followed tomorrow, and still Uncle Henry was tired. Each day he would go to his rock overlooking the highway, and each day he said longingly, "Tomorrow, tomorrow, I'll be able to go." It never left his mind —the men straining and tugging, the girl falling by the pine. He turned it carefully in his mind and speculated about who the people were and where they were going. There was a story someone told him once, years ago. If he could only get it straight, perhaps it would help. It was something about the French and Indian War. The English had stuffed their payroll into a cannon and buried it so the French couldn't get it. And wasn't there a girl who had traveled with them and died on the way? Day by day he became more confused. Could it be these were the people that he had seen? Maybe that was the very place the gold was buried. The more he thought, the more sure he became that if he could only return to the spot, everything would be clear. Nothing

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else seemed to matter anymore. Of course, he still loved Auntie. He loved her for almost fifty years. He thought sometimes of telling her what he had seen, but he always decided against it. She wouldn't understand. She might even laugh. And so it went on, and he told no one.

It was the day that the first sharp breeze blew, and Uncle Henry could not sit on the porch, that he realized for the first time that he would never be able to return. For some days he had not even been able to walk to his rock, but he had told himself that he would be stronger soon. On that day, from the dull confusion in his mind came the certainty that he would not live to see the spring.

Auntie was distraught. For days now Uncle Henry had scarcely eaten. He was so weak that he could hardly move around the house. His speech was thick and uncertain, and he seemed already to be moving in another world. When he tried to speak, which was seldom, she couldn't understand what he was trying to say. He didn't make sense. He was always talking about a spot in the woods by a tall pine tree. She remembered it well. They had gone there on picnics years ago. But then he would say that a girl had fallen, that there was a cannon. She soothed him then, and tried to make him think of something else, but sooner or later, he always returned to it.

There was a day when Uncle Henry could not get out of bed, and then the days followed upon each other, and Auntie seldom left his side. The villagers brought food and took care of the house, and everyone waited for what they knew would come. Uncle Henry seldom spoke at all now. But he moved his head restlessly from side to side and looked at things which others didn't see. His lips moved, as in delirium, but no words came. Then one day the delirium had passed, his mind cleared. He looked at Auntie in the old way, and she knew he was no longer troubled. "It's nice and warm here in the sunshine," he said. "Listen to the crows."

## SPELLBOUND BY THE GASLIGHT IN THE HOUSE ON SOUTH 42nd AVENUE

*(Continued from page 12)*

man as Sir Malcomb appears at the door with a smoking Luger in his hand.

"Yes, I thought it best to kill that blasted thing before it messed up your laundry," explains Sir Malcomb quietly, "You must be Ephram, Daphne's brother from America."

"You guessed 'er Chester. That's me," Ephram returns. He is taken into the house.

The camera now shows Sir Basil standing in front of a fireplace with a medieval axe in his hand. As Sir Malcomb enters with Ephram, he slowly raises the axe and throws it. It misses Ephram and cuts the canvas bag in half.

"That blasted chicken was still moving," explains Sir Malcomb quickly.

"Shucks," Ephram returns, "I didn't want no more eggs anyhow. But jeez you guys got good aim. I oughta take you home with me for the turkey shoot."

*(Continued on page 32)*


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# SPELLBOUND BY THE GASLIGHT IN THE HOUSE ON SOUTH 42nd AVENUE

*(Continued from page 31)*

"Did I- hear you say that you ate eggs?" asks Sir Malcomb, "Perhaps you'd like some?"

"Sure would. I ain't ate for days. Lilly, that's my late departed hen, ain't been laying very steady."

"You just sit here, and I'll have a nice plate of eggs brought to you," says Sir Malcomb, going out a door. A closeup of a strichnine bottle is shown.

Sir Malcomb soon returns with a platter of fried eggs and hands it to Ephram, who grabs the eggs in his hands and starts to put them in his mouth. Sir Basil stands by the fire looking sinister.

The next shot shows a woman at the top of a staircase in another part of the house. She is beautiful in her fish net negligee, but there seems to be a demented look in her eyes. She slowly descends the stairs, going forward two steps and then backwards one until she reaches the bottom.

Suddenly she screams, "Ephram! Ephram!" and runs into the room where her brother is being entertained. Ephram puts down the eggs.

"Daphne!" he exclaims, "Now don't you look purdy."

Sir Malcomb takes his sneaky look from the closet and puts it back on.

"Daphne, go back to your room. You know you're not well," he says.

Sir Basil drags Ephram aside. "Your sister has been ill—very ill," he explains, tapping his head in a sinister way. He whispers something in Ephram's ear.

"Daphne, you better do like your husband says," suggest Ephram. He picks up the eggs again.

"Don't eat those eggs, they might be poisoned!" screams Daphne as she runs toward Ephram. Before she reaches him she falls down, however, and the camera is able to get a good leg shot.

"You see, Ephram, just like I told you," Sir Basil says, rubbing his hands together.

"I'm sorry it had to happen—like this," says Sir Malcomb to Ephram. He gets a half nelson on his wife and leads her off.

Sir Basil looks more sinister then ever. "Perhaps you had better go," he suggests and takes Ephram to the front door.

"Jeez I hope I ain't put you to no trouble," bubbles Ephram, "You and Sir Malcomb have been real swell to me."

"Thank you," returns Sir Malcomb, "And call again sometime." He throws Ephram down the front steps, followed by both halves of the canvas bag.

Ephram is shown sitting in the gutter. He gets up, starts to walk off into the fog, but stops when he hears a woman's scream coming from the second story of the house. He shakes his head sadly and starts to walk on. Again the scream and again Ephram stops. "No," he mutters to himself and continues once more. The scream pierces out for the third time.

"That does it," he shouts. He grabs the hayseed in his hair and dashes it to the sidewalk. The *William Tell Overture* is played in the background, as Ephram races back to the house.

On reaching the front door he screams, "Open the door or I'll huff and I'll puff, and I'll blow the house down."

In terror the butler opens the door and Ephram runs up a flight of stairs to the second floor. There are sixty seven doors on the second floor. Ephram picks one out and knocks on it. The door opens slowly. Ephram bursts into the room beyond.

"Get your hands in the air, Ephram," says Sir Malcomb, fingering his Luger.

Ephram raises his hands and then looks at the other side of the room. Daphne is there. She is chained to the floor. Water is dripping on her head and Sir Basil, still looking sinister is standing at her feet, giving her a hot foot.

For the first time Ephram realizes that there are barbs in Daphne's fish net negligee. The camera shows the fish hooks in a close up.

Maddened, Ephram tries a ruse on Sir Malcomb.

*(Continued on page 35)*

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## Parroteers

Betty Lyons and Janet Christie are Advertising Director and Assistant Business Manager of the *Parrot* respectively.

Betty, who handles the job of getting ads and seeing that they get in the way they're supposed to, is an ADPi and from Hannibal, Missouri. She's an LA junior majoring in interior decorating—which doesn't seem to have much to do with her *Parrot* job—but she likes it and wants to freelance at the business some day. Evidence is her room with white walls and green scallop borders even around the windows. She hasn't started on the office yet.

Janet is a Chicago girl and a Chi O. And she wants to be a physio-therapist. She's in Education Junior now, wants to go to some school at Boston University to study the thing. Between the Parrot and her hobby of looking at pictures—"not moving ones, but any other kind"—she manages to be Chi O house president, Pan-Hell member, Volley Ball Head of WAA, and WSGA representative to SGB—which is a lot of initials and activity.

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## PURPLE PEOPLE

*(Continued from page 29)*

Delt from P. U. (Pennsylvania University, for the unrefined.)

After swimming through a succession of fraternity pins, KD Jean Tait has finally ended up with a ring. It's a West Point miniature and we don't care whose it is.

Also with the Kappa Delts: Rosalie MacLean changed her name to Victor when she said "I do" to a former NU Phi Mu Delt. And it didn't take KD pledge Twyla Ragan long. She's already pinned to DU George Block. Fran Scott, KD, wasn't very excited when she got her engagement ring. She always uses Pond's Cold Cream on her teeth!

Back to the Theta house we go. Whoops! More visitors. It was too long ago that Graham Davis, Sigma Chi, traveled to Mary Kuhl's home for "winter sport." (That's what it said in the Theta communique.) Nancy Berthold, former beauty queen, is engaged. Another queen down the hatch. Hottest thing we're ever heard. Annamary Evans and fiance, Newt Compere, have an 11:30 class TOGETHER.

Heard in the DU house: "I've got a nose like a door-knob. That's why I've got so much pull on campus."

Boy-oy-oing.

---

## WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE

*(Continued from page 26)*

again. This time I was cold.

"Yeah. Flies nice, don't it?"

"A second lieutenant," I guessed. I'd wondered, but his bars were well quilted from view. I opened my mouth to do my part again when I saw him look almost affectionately at the gun turret.

"Wish I knew how to run that thing," he said.

My mind was off my troubles. He threw the ball right into my hands. I'd taken over for a gunner once in combat.

"Climb up, buddy, and let a professor show you." Modesty was never my strong point.

The kid's eyes were big and he shimmied up like he'd done it all his life.

"Volunteer fireman at home?" I asked.

"What?" he yelled.

"Nothing," I yelled.

Well, he had a good time up there. He swung around and I changed the turret from low to high speed until he was spinning about 50 miles per hour. The plane was doing about 260 with the tail wind . . . soup worse than the pass by that time, and flying on instruments.

"Gee, thanks, sir," he yelled when he got down. "Always wanted to do that. Where'd you say you wanted to be dropped?" Intelligence wasn't one of his strong points.

"Jacksonville!" I yelled.

"It was about eight a.m. when the earphones said the Jacksonville field was closed in.

"We're coming in," said the Irish.

"No landing," said Jacksonville.

"Emergency landing!" said the Irish. We were down to 100 feet.

"No landing," said Jacksonville as we bounced along the runway.

I got off, looking a little nervous, but still not bad enough for an emergency. I zigged when the officials wanted me to zag, and managed to check in on time.

* * *

The blonde came in, then, and broke up my thoughts. Her eyes were something wonderful to watch as she leaned over and held a match to my pipe.

"Too bad about all the trouble the President is having over that Independence hop, isn't it, honey?"

"Um," she said, "yes." But she wasn't seriously interested in talking, so we closed in.

## SPELLBOUND BY THE GASLIGHT IN THE HOUSE ON SOUTH 42nd AVENUE

*(Continued from page 32)*

"Get him Joe!" he shouts, and leaps forward when Sir Malcomb turns around. After a short struggle Ephram gets ahold of the gun and rises to his feet.

"Take that and that and that and that!" he shouts firing twenty or thirty shots into Sir Basil and Sir Malcomb. They fall to the floor covered with blood. Sir Basil looks as sinister dead as he did alive.

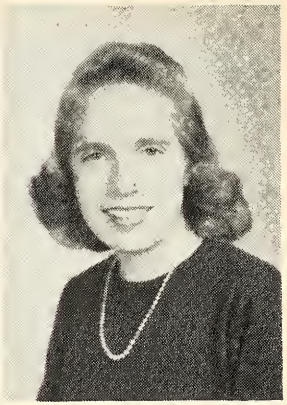
"I knew you'd save me," sighs Daphne. "But Ephram, what happened to the mole on your nose?"

"I—I'm not Ephram," exclaims the man, tearing off his disguise. "I'm G. Montegue Quigley of Scotland Yard. I disguised myself as your brother to get into the house and smash those fiends' plans to locate the National Scotch Reserve and smuggle it into Evanston."

"And I'm not Ephram's sister," says Daphne. "I'm Gloria Mudflat, *Daily Northwestern* Editor, here to break up the Scotch ring for the WCTU. But if you're not my brother, that solves everything. I love you—madly."

"I love you, too, Miss Mudflat," replies Quigley.

The two fall into each others' arms, and there is a fadeout of Quigley trying to get free of the fish hooks in Gloria's negligee.

*Margery Kreeger, Alpha Epsilon Phi*

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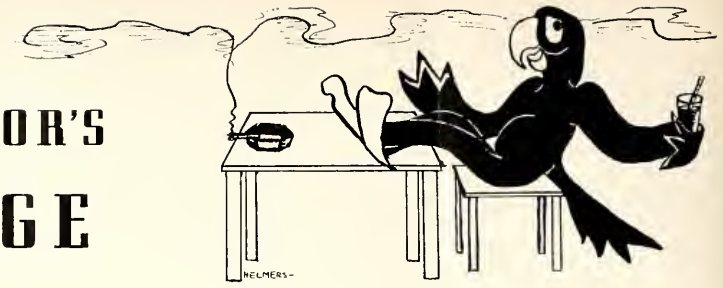
# THE EDITOR'S PAGE




WELL, it's time to relax again after another issue. The holidays are all over now—and we're back at school. The gay yule decorations that festooned the office are folded up and put back in the business staff's files. All that's left is just the cut file—and it needs cleaning.

And all we got for Christmas was ties. But the worst came when the paper delivering company stopped delivering the *Daily News* to us because we didn't pay our bill. The bottom just dropped out of everything then. Reading a three-weeks-old copy and pretending when we relax just doesn't do at all.

So we got out our worn bathrobe—we didn't get a new one for Christmas from Aunt Minnie or anybody, but Mother mended this one a little—and our slippers and our hookah from the business staff's files and went off west. And we had just begun to be cheerful again, to think, "after all, a warm bathrobe, warm slippers, a lit hookah, what more can a man ask out of college life?" when someone mentioned grades.

The University had begun to send them out then—early so they'd arrive in time for Valentine's Day. We hadn't received ours as yet, but we were able to state with finality as we puffed on our hookah that we KNEW they'd come out all right. Why? Because we'd SCHEDULED ourselves during exam week.

So we proceeded to explain the system. During exam week everybody is busy. It is the last week of the quarter and all, and there are lots of things to do like packing and getting railroad tickets home and having goodbye parties and things. And exams keep interfering. And you have to pass the exams to stay in the University—they're crowded now.

Well, the logical—the only—answer is scheduling. BUDGET YOUR TIME. Use EVERY MINUTE to advantage. Now there are several steps to doing this.

1. Find out when and where your exams are going to be. This is done by borrowing a long white form that tells all about it from someone around the dorm. Then you get some Commerce School student to explain it all to you. This is really the only way to do it. This last quarter lots of people just went around asking passers-by on the campus, and you might be tempted to use that system. But let us warn you it doesn't work at all.

2. Now that you know when and where your exams are going to be, go see your professor to see if it's worth going to the exam. Sometimes nothing will help.

3. Buy textbooks for your courses.

4. Now you're all set to make out your exam schedule. Make it just like the one on this page. Columns for each day and the hours in the day on the left hand edge.

| Hour | Mon. | Tues. | Wed. | Thurs. |
|---|---|---|---|---|
| 7:00 | Try to get up. Reset alarm and go back to sleep. | Try to get up. Reset alarm and go back to sleep. | Try to get up. Reset alarm and go back to sleep. | Try to get up. No soap. |
| 8:00 | | | | |
| 9:00 | | | | Philosophy Exam. Arise! Missed Philosophy. |
| 10:00 | | | | |
| 11:00 | Arise! | Zoology exam. | Arise! | Botany Exam. |
| 12:00 | Lunch. | Arise! | Lunch. | |
| 1:00 | Relax before studying on Zoology. | Lunch. | Relax before studying on Philosophy. | |
| 2:00 | | | | |
| 3:00 | | See about make up on Zoology exam slept through. | | French Exam. |
| 4:00 | See Nancy. | | | |
| 5:00 | | | Study. | |
| 6:00 | Dinner with Nancy. | Dinner with boys. | Dinner with Nancy. | Collapse! |
| 7:00 | | | | Recuperate. |
| 8:00 | Movie with Nancy—no exams until tomorrow, anyway. | Movie with Nancy. Will study late tonight. | Movie with Nancy. Will study later tonight. | Phone Nancy. She has flunked out and gone home. |
| 9:00 | | | | |
| 10:00 | | Study Philosophy. | Study Philosophy. No time for others, but we know them cold. Bed. Too tired to dream. | Little Club. |
| 11:00 | | | | |
| 12:00 | | | | Celebrate. |
| 1:00 | Bed and dream about Nancy. | Bed and dream about Aristotle. | | |

With this exam schedule we had more hours of sleep and play last exam week than ever before. And all you have to do is just use every minute of your time. BUDGETING. That's important. It's the key to passing your exams. Make a schedule.

P. S. We just got our grades. We flunked everything.

*Hours, 9:30 to 5:30 except on days and Thursdays, 9:30 to 9:30*

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